

Good Morning 529

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

If Dogs could only Speak

A.B. Len Golding



WE just missed your wedding anniversary, A.B. Leonard Arthur Golding, when we called at 69, Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness.

The great event had been celebrated with pleasant thoughts in your absence, and Kathleen Golding, the wife who waits patiently for your next leave, told us to pass on a message that she is keeping very fit.

Barry, your chocolate-coloured companion, insisted on having his photograph taken with her. If dogs could only speak he would surely have told us that he is longing for you to come and take him for a run again.

And talking of taking the dog for a run reminds us of the place where you probably took him. It was Harold Fitzsimmons who put ideas into our heads. Harold is looking forward to taking you for a good night out at the Snipe. Shouldn't be surprised if Barry knows his way there blindfolded!

Mrs. Golding, of course, sends all her love, and her mother, Mrs. May Ross, is looking well after her.

The three Ross boys all send happy greetings—Dick from London, and Billie and Stanley from Barrow.

More news is on the way for you—good news, we hope, and maybe you've got it by now. Mrs. Golding won't delay telling you all about it, of course!

"Spud" insists on sending you his very best wishes.

We didn't see "Spud," but we guess his name is Mr. Murphy.

And now a word from your home in London, Leonard. Your sister May's husband, Dick Russell, of the Irish Guards, has collected a blighty in France, and is in hospital at Oxford. It's not too bad though, just bad enough (or good enough!) to get him home, and the latest is that he's doing fine.

BRAVE NEW WORLD

THOUSANDS of Servicemen, when in each other's company or sitting alone thinking, ask one question which to them is the most important in the world. It is: "I wonder what life will be like after the war has ended?"

Many will hope it will be different in many ways, although it should be stressed that there is still a large proportion who would not mind the old days of 1939. Still, in studying this question we must take into consideration the many inventions and new ideas that have become of paramount importance as the result of war.

In the post-war world more people than ever before will probably own their own car. New roads will be needed to take this new traffic—and needed quickly—with the result that a war-time development will be called in for this work.

Early in the war, when there was an urgent need for steel mats to make emergency airfields, people began to look around for likely material. They found it in the interlocking steel mats invented by Walter Irving and used in America for underground ventilation for many years.

These steel mats, which can be rolled up, are taken to spots where roads are wanted, laid out, and filled with concrete. Unskilled labourers have already proved the value of these mats in construction of high-

ways. They are "non-skid-able" in wet weather, for just enough of the steel mesh protrudes through the concrete to give perfect traction in all weathers.

In the early post-war years the food situation will take some time to develop back to its pre-war standard, but dehydration is being developed to such an extent that we shall all have a great deal of the little things we like, although

they will in all probability reach us in dehydration form.

An example of the advantages of dehydration can be appreciated when one knows that one Liberty ship can bring across from the United States, in a single trip, the entire yearly production of 230,000 hens, or the entire milk production of 2,000 cows!

Speedy food supplies will be a high priority in our post-war world. And dehydration will play a big part in making sure that the flow of food is kept at a high speed.

In the development of new towns—and who can disregard the need in Britain for new houses by the thousand in the post-war years?—mobile power stations, that will play a big part in our coming invasion, can be expected to be used by the building experts.

These plants, complete with turbines, generators and boilers, are mounted on three railway trucks. After being placed on to a siding they can commence producing power in a very few hours.

Newly developed areas, waiting for the public services to be installed, will find these mobile plants of infinite use in many ways.

Plastics—those "mysterious things" many people disliked because of their name!—are destined to play a very big part in the lives of us all.

I have heard it said that there is nothing that cannot

There will be pitfalls and disappointments in the Post War World, but one thing is certain, it'll be a better and brighter world, declares RICHARD DENTON

be made from one of the many plastics that have been developed since the war. This is probably true. From plastic materials, glass has been made; extra - strong false teeth; fittings for cars and houses; in fact, anything and everything on the market is being studied by scientists with a view to possibly making a similar thing out of plastics.

And what of radio and television? In the United States scientists and engineers have been hard at work, and plan to throw around the world a mighty girdle that will solve communication difficulties and make television one of the greatest things in the modern world.

Prior to 1939 television was making rapid strides in Britain, and we have good reason to

think that the rest of the world knows little about this thing which is not already known to us.

The American aim, however, is to develop a system so that anyone can plug in, on their set, to the nearest trunk station, and get into contact in every way with whom they require.

This sounds an excellent proposition, but the immediate reaction is, "How?" The experts can give the answer as soon as security permits.

And what of the post-war houses? Are they all going to be of the prefabricated type? So far, the "show" models have proved to be first class, and people should not dislike them because they are prefabricated. It should be borne in mind that there are good and bad houses of this type just as there are good and bad brick residences.

What the ex-Serviceman does want to see is two plans; one, for the temporary prefabricated house; two, for a plan for normal brick-building to be resumed. In addition, he wants to see these two plans running side by side. In this manner the four million houses we need will be built according to plan.

The post-war world is going to be full of pitfalls and disappointments. You cannot avoid them. But it will be a world full of opportunities and new ideas, created out of the war, each of which will contribute to making it a happier and better organised place than ever it was before.

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

FOR undaunted courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines, His Majesty is pleased to make the following awards, and we are delighted to add humble congratulations:—

D.S.O.
Lieut. George Edward Hunt, D.S.C., R.N., and Lieut. Ian Stewart McIntosh, M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.

Bar to the D.S.C.
Lieut. Barry Loraine Dudley Rowe, D.S.C., R.N.

The D.S.C.
Temp. Lieut. Hubert Charles Parker, R.N.V.R.

The D.S.M.
Actg. Chief Petty Officer Roy Alfred Claxton.
Actg. Chief Petty Officer Hugh Clyde Williams.
Chief Engine Room Artificer Horace William Thornton.
Petty Officer Sydney Douglas Hills.

Engine Room Artificer Fourth Class Cyril Gordon Haimes.
Ldg. Seaman Alexander Orcheston Mowatt.

Actg. Ldg. Seaman Charles Richard Gresty.
Actg. Ldg. Stoker Charles Hugh Melborn Raymond.

Able Seaman Ronald Hill.
Able Seaman John Eric Bishop.

Able Seaman Horace Baden Smith, and
Stoker First Class Sidney Frank Surridge.

Mention in Despatches.
Lieut. Brian Harries Gordon Michael Baynham, R.N.

Mr. Arthur Leslie Brewer, D.S.M., Warrant Engineer, R.N.
Engine Room Artificer Third Class Cyril Albert Mabbett.

Petty Officer Telegraphist William Henry Pearce.
Ldg. Seaman William Arthur Curtis.

Ldg. Seaman Leonard Hall.
Actg. Ldg. Stoker Ernest James Byles.

Able Seaman Clifford Ernest Cough.
Able Seaman Harry Hinchliffe.

Able Seaman Harry Hillier Lambert.

Able Seaman Cyril Trigg, and Stoker First Class Alfred Thompson.

See you at the Palace, gentlemen.

A LETTER from C.P.O. Gerry Rodham, coxswain of H.M. Submarine "Sportsman," advises that my colleague, Taig Farrell, is safe and sound in Dundee. (Taig was shanghaied to Dundee by some of "Sportsman's" crew when they left London recently.)

He goes on to say that boring as was the time they spent at Gillingham for the adoption party, it was worth while if only for the evening in Fleet Street.

Glad to hear that, Gerry; weeks of age. But I am glad,

come again soon. There's always a welcome for submariners in pubs around this part of the capital.

The swain asks me to get a pair of buckskin shoes, size three, for his landlady's baby. That's not my favourite line in shopping, but they will be got. Here's to the next time, Gerry, and make it soon. Same goes for all the Sportsmen who called at the office.

WHEN Lieut. A. G. Davies, whom I met at H.M.S. "Ambrose," wrote asking for prints of the photographs I took of the christening of his son, he said "They were the best pictures he has ever had taken."

Then the baby was just six weeks of age. But I am glad,

anyway, to have that honour, and I am gladder still that I had the pleasure of attending the service.

The prints are on the way, sir.

I WAS glad when I heard that Stoker William Illsley was in H.M.S. "Tally Ho!" I had previously heard of only one member of that boat. That was Lieut. John Steadman, with whom I joined in a victualling session at Richmond.

At the stoker's home I saw a picture of the crew of "Porpoise"; it's from the same negative as the one the Lieutenant gave to Tommy Hogg at the "Britannia," Richmond. I hope one day to meet both gentlemen together, when, no doubt, we could drink to all kinds of things.

AT a depot ship at five in the morning a P.O. was shaving. An A.B. at the next tap enquired, "When do you think the second front will open?"

"Listen," said the P.O., "when I joined the trade I put all thoughts of war behind me."

Ron Richards



"Hope you're not thinkin' of sending a bill in doc! Remember you said a shock would cause a relapse!"

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

AFTER THE INQUEST

ANOTHER "TWO-DAY TALE"

By W. W. JACOBS

IT was a still fair evening in late summer in the parish of Wapping. The hands had long since left, and the night watchman having abandoned his trust in favour of a neighbouring bar, the wharf was deserted.

An elderly seaman came to the gate and paused irresolute, then, seeing all was quiet, stole cautiously on to the jetty, and stood for some time gazing curiously down on to the deck of the billy-boy *Psyche* lying alongside.

With the exception of the mate, who, since the lamented disappearance of its late master and owner, was acting as captain, the deck was as deserted as the wharf. He was smoking an evening pipe in all the pride of a first command, his eye roving fondly from the blunt bows and untidy deck of his craft to her clumsy stern, when a slight cough from the man above attracted his attention.

"How do, George?" said the man on the jetty, somewhat sheepishly, as the other looked up.

The mate opened his mouth, and his pipe fell from it and smashed to pieces unnoticed.

"Got much stuff in her this trip?" continued the man, with an obvious attempt to appear at ease.

The mate, still looking up, backed slowly to the other side of the deck, but made no reply.

"What's the matter, man?" said the other testily. "You don't seem overpleased to see me."

He leaned over as he spoke, and, laying hold of the rigging, descended to the deck, while the mate took his breath in short, exhilarating gasps.

"Here I am, George," said the intruder, "turned up like a bad penny, an' glad to see your handsome face again, I can tell you."

In response to this flattering remark George gurgled.

"Why," said the other, with an uneasy laugh, "did you think I was dead, George? Ha, ha! Feel that!"

He fetched the horrified man a thump in the back, which stopped even his gurgles.

"That feel like a dead man?" asked the smiter, raising his hand again. "Feel!"

The mate moved back hastily. "That'll do," said he fiercely; "ghost or no ghost, don't you hit me like that again."

"A' right, George," said the other, as he meditatively felt the stiff grey whiskers which framed his red face. "What's the news?"

"The news," said George, who was of slow habits and speech, "is that you was found last Tuesday week off St. Katherine's Stairs, you was sat on a Friday week at the Town o' Ramsgate public-house, and buried on Monday afternoon at Lowestoft."

"Buried?" gasped the other, "sat on? You've been drinking, George."

"An' a pretty penny your funeral cost, I can tell you," continued the mate. "There's a headstone being made now—'Lived lamented and died respected,' I think it is, with 'Not lost, but gone before,' at the bottom."

"Lived respected and died lamented, you mean," growled the old man; "well, a nice muddle you have made of it between you. Things always go wrong when I'm not here to look after them."

"You ain't dead, then?" said the mate, taking no notice of this unreasonable remark. "Where

used to it," said the mate, without moving a muscle.

"No more than you're master o' this 'ere ship," replied Mr. Harbott grimly. "I—I've been a bit queer in the stomach, an' I took a little drink to correct it. Foolish like, I took the wrong drink, and it must have got into my head."

"That's the worst of not being I found myself sitting on a step

used to it," said the mate, without moving a muscle.

The skipper eyed him solemnly, but the mate stood firm.

"Arter that," continued the skipper, still watching him suspiciously, "I remember no more distinctly until this morning, when I found myself sitting on a step

with the morning newspaper and a crowd round me."

"Morning newspaper," repeated the mystified mate. "What was that for?"

"Decency. I was wrapped up in it," replied the skipper. "Where I came from or how I got there I don't know more than Adam. I s'pose I must have been ill; I seem to remember taking something out of a bottle pretty often. Some old gentleman in the crowd took me into a shop and bought me these clothes, an' here I am. My own cl'es and thirty pounds o' freight money I had in my pocket is all gone."

"Well, I'm hearty glad to see you back," said the mate. "It's quite a home-coming for you, too. Your missis is down aft."

"My missis? What the devil's she aboard for?" growled the skipper, successfully controlling his natural gratification at the news.

"She's been with us these last two trips," replied the mate. "She's had business to settle in London, and she's been going through your lockers to clear up, like."

"My lockers!" groaned the skipper. "Good heavens! there's things in them lockers I wouldn't have her see for the world; women are so fussy an' so fond o' making something out o' nothing. There's a pore female touched a bit in the upper storey, what's been writing love letters to me, George."

"Three pore females," said the precise mate; "the missis has got all the letters tied up with

(Continued on Page 3)



"I'll have the dark blue pair, Emily. I believe he's an Oxford man!"

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 528

1. A shako is a drink, military cap, fish, bird, fruit, Arab horse?
2. What was the name of King Arthur's country and its capital, according to legend?
3. What is the difference between a frog and a toad?
4. What rank in the Police Force has crossed batons for its shoulder insignia?
5. For what purpose is a Nicol's prism used, and of what is it made?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Plato, Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Hegel, Goethe.

1. Bird (the peregrine falcon).
2. (a) Danish, (b) Canute (or Knut).
3. Rooks have a patch of bare skin at the base of their beaks, and live in flocks; crows have no bare patch, and are always solitary or in pairs.
4. Box and ebony.
5. Commissioner; crossed batons, 1 crown, 1 star.
6. Peacehaven is on the prime meridian; others are not.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE Government faced strong criticism of the Portal Bungalow in the House of Commons on the second reading of the Housing (Temporary Accommodation) Bill, which foreshadowed the construction by October 1, 1947, of approximately 250,000 temporary houses, at a cost of £150,000,000.

Some of the complaints made in the debate, which was adjourned until after the summer recess, were that the houses would tend to become fixtures and create new slums, that they were too small, and that alternatives to pressed steel "shells" should be provided.

Mr. Willink, Minister of Health, said that the part to be played by any temporary accommodation should be to fill a gap until the building industry could make good the temporary shortage.

While it was usually reckoned that it took 100,000 building operatives to build 100,000 houses in a year, the building labour required for the temporary bungalow was not more than 8,000 to 10,000.

A start would be made with the work while the war was still on, and it was estimated that about 100,000 bungalows could be produced within one year of going into production.

Coming to the details of the houses, Mr. Willink justified the reduction in normal standards by the fact that a large proportion of them would be for young couples married during or just after the war.

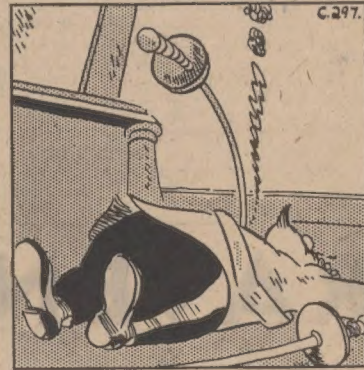
The concurrent building of 300,000 permanent houses would go towards meeting the needs of those with large families.



SYD. SLINGSBY, the assistant manager at "The Two Brewers," Buckingham Gate, London, has been left £100 by one of his women customers. She hopes that with the money "he will have a jolly good drink."

Syd's benefactor was Mrs. G. O. S. Beadon, of Catherine Place, S.W.1, who died on Feb. 7. "Mrs. Beadon was a very nice old lady," said Syd. "I had many a drink with her. She was a quiet, independent woman, and had been a customer here for many years."

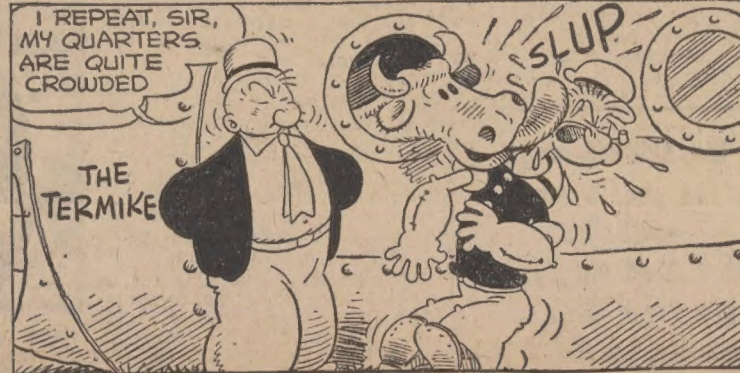
BEELEZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING AFTER THE INQUEST WORDS—468

1. Insert consonants in *E**U**E* and U*Y**E* and get two classical heroes.
2. Here are two insects whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
TUCSWOLG — MORWOL.
3. If "delight" is the "light of joy," what is the light of (a) snubs, (b) birds?
4. Find the two ports hidden in: Hand over the old clothes to the ragman, and if the new have no appeal for you, sell them.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 467

1. APOLLO, APHRODITE.
2. BEETLE—EARWIG.
3. (a) Correspondence, (b) Ponder.
4. (a) Snubs, (b) Birds.

JANE



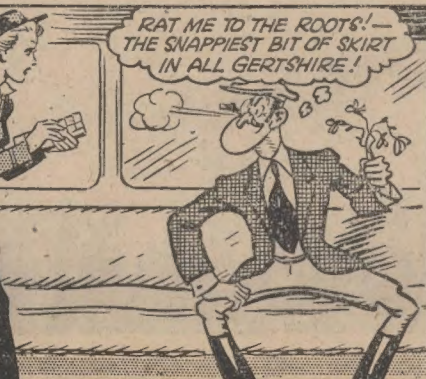
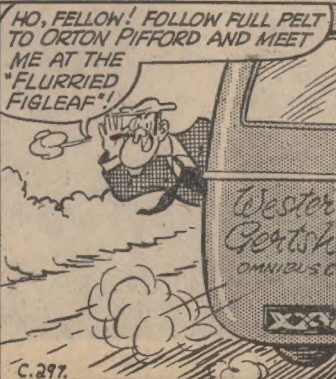
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



To his great discomfort the mate suddenly gave a low whistle, and regarded him with a look of blank dismay. "Good gracious!" he cried, "I forgot all about it. Here's a pretty kettle of fish—well, well." "Forgot about what?" asked the skipper uneasily. "The crew take their meals in the cabin now," replied the mate, "cos the missis says it's more cheerful for 'em, and she's l'arning 'em to eat their wittles properly." The skipper looked at him aghast. "You'll have to smuggle me up some grub," he said at length. "I'm not going to starve for nobody." "Easier said than done," said the mate. "The missis has got eyes like needles; still, I'll do the best I can for you. Look out! Here she comes." The skipper fled hastily, and, safe down below, explained to the crew how they were to secrete portions of their breakfast for his benefit. The amount of explanation required for so simple a matter was remarkable, the crew manifesting a denseness which irritated him almost beyond endurance. They promised, however, to do the best they could for him, and returned in triumph after a hearty meal, and presented their enraged commander with a few greasy crumbs and the tail of a bloater.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12				13		14		
15				16		17		
18				19				
20				21		22	23	
24	25			26				
27				28		29	30	
31						32		
33						34		
35						36		

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Firm.
 - 2 Smack.
 - 3 Hauled.
 - 4 Quit.
 - 5 R d d e.
 - 6 Ceremony.
 - 7 and 16 Butterfly.
 - 8 Remains.
 - 9 Subdued light.
 - 10 Favourite.
 - 11 Slap.
 - 12 Rural deity.
 - 13 Price.
 - 14 Cathedral.
 - 15 Bronze, town.
 - 16 Found answer to.
 - 17 Commands.
 - 18 Perfect.
 - 19 Girl's name.
 - 20 Through.
 - 21 Butts.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 County official.
 - 2 Harmonises.
 - 3 Greedy.
 - 4 Entreat.
 - 5 Dodge.
 - 6 Deals drugally.
 - 7 Den.
 - 8 Reach.
 - 9 Rind.
 - 10 Barley product.
 - 11 Stone-worker.
 - 12 Gin.
 - 13 Fall.
 - 14 Dress 23 American State.
 - 15 Dwelling-place.
 - 16 Fish.
 - 17 Gael.
 - 18 Mine entrance.
 - 19 Little drink.
 - 20 Butge.
 - 21 34 Male title.

SWARMS HELP
P FAITH BOA
EVINCE ROLL
CAR ERMINE
ITEM EASY C
AS ATONE PA
L SUIT RAIN
COVEYS GET
TALE PARADE
AGO BEFIT E
SEND DEMEAN

PICTURE QUIZZER

ON the set of "National Velvet," which Clarence Brown is directing, Madge Macdonald, an expert on British manners and customs, is adviser to Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor and other players. Miss Macdonald checks costumes, colloquialisms and other details, including the steeplechase scenes, for correctness. This job, covering a period of more than a quarter of a century, was handled for Brown in "The White Cliffs of Dover" by Major Ramsay-Hill, former British officer. It included checking costumes of Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal and other principals, over a period covering two wars, uniforms, Commando fighting, and many other details. "Kismet," with Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich, James Craig, Joy Anne Page, Edward Arnold, and others, had two technical advisers. The sets, costumes and customs were checked by Victor Stoloff, while Charles Sylver, magician, educated Colman in changing the colour of handkerchiefs, producing pigeons from thin air, and other tricks for Colman's role as beggar-magician in old Baghdad. He had to invent a special trick, a three-colour handkerchief, on demand from director William Dieterle, for one sequence. Research material provided by the studio research department included a survey of Islamic and pre-Islamic art, obtained from the Los Angeles Museum, and geographical data from the University of Southern California. Because it is expected that the film will be seen by many Arabians, special care was taken, particularly for authenticity in dialogue and situations touching on the Moslem faith. It was discovered that Colman's character name meant "One who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca." The character could not possibly have made such a pilgrimage. The situation was adjusted by a name change. Costumes were kept authentic, but for Technicolor various colours were wanted. Care had to be taken that these were in keeping with Arabian ideas of colour combinations. Authentic Arabian dances were adapted for the picture. The research department at M.G.M., headed by George Richalavie, includes Henry Noerdlinger, Dorothy Luke and Gladys Norvell, research specialists, who assemble the material which aids script writers and supplements the knowledge of special technical advisers on the set.

Gordon Rich

Alex Cracks

Creditor: "Now, look here, I want my money."
Debtor: "Oh, that's all right. I thought you wanted mine."

JUNGLE JINKS

Does a lady in leopard-skin step-ins have to call a taxidermist every time she changes her spots? Not being able to think of the answer off-hand, we asked Jean Kent, Gainsborough star. With a look which always raises the Tarzan in us, she replied that a newspaper man should verify his facts for himself.

Now there's a new leopard-skin hearthrug in our palatial office. "Just a trophy of the chase," we reply, nonchalantly, to all enquiries.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Must be a Manx leopard, I suppose."

